

## The Jailer's Daughter.

(Original.)  
"What y' in for?" asked the jailer's daughter, peering through the bars. She was a gangling girl of sixteen, with blue eyes and light wavy hair hanging loose over her back. The prisoner was a stalwart young fellow of twenty.

"Horse stealing."  
"Couldn't y' find nothing better t' do than that?"  
"I didn't steal any horses. A man with a grudge against me put up a job on me."

"Is that so? Y' orn't t' swing if y' didn't do it?"  
The prisoner went on reading a paper that had been given him.  
"I'd let y' out," she added in a low tone, "only pop keeps too sharp a watch on the keys, and there ain't much time."

The young man turned from his paper. "You can help me to get out if you wish," he said.  
"How?"  
"Can you get a saw?"  
"Nothing but a buck saw."  
"That won't do. Bring me a file and a case knife."

"Pop's got a file among his tools. I can get the case knife easy enough." She went away, returning with the articles asked for. The prisoner, covering his hands with the bedclothing that the filing should not be heard, proceeded to make a saw of the knife. With one or both he proposed to cut away the bars to his window. This he did while the jailer's daughter strummed on a piano directly over his head so that the noise of cutting could not be heard.

When he had finished, the girl came again, and he said to her: "Goodby. If I get out safely, some day I may come back to reward you."

"I've been thinking I'd go with you," she said, her eyes glistening.

He looked at her earnestly for some time without speaking. What he was thinking she didn't know. At last he said:

"All right. Meet me soon after 2 o'clock tomorrow morning outside the wall."

When the prisoner heard the jailer's clock wheeze out 2 in the morning, he removed the bars, got out of the window, climbed a wall and stole away. He was joined by the girl, and together they ran for a time, then when they could run no longer walked and consulted.

"It's only five miles t' the railroad this way," said the girl. "Reckon we better get on a train."

"Haven't got any money. Besides, we couldn't likely get a train till morning, and they'd get us sure."

"What'll we do?"  
"Hide some place near by till the excitement has died out. There's a thick et. We'll go in there and see what we can find."

They went into the thicket just as a rancher near by was going into his stable to feed his stock. He saw them and wondered who they were and what they were doing there. When several hours later a posse headed by the jailer, frantic at the loss of his daughter, came along and asked the rancher if he had seen a man and a girl go by, he told them that he had seen them go into the thicket.

Now, the thicket was large, and there were places in it hard to get through. It was ransacked, but the fugitives were not found. The sheriff, who was with the party, sent the jailer on with a couple of men, while the rest completed the search. He intended to burn the thicket and expect the jailer if present would raise an objection, fearing for his daughter's life.

The couple had wormed themselves into a tangled place where they had not been followed. Presently they smelled smoke. The man paled.

"We must get out of this," he said. And they dragged themselves from their hiding place and moved on, coming to an open space. The man paused and looked about him. Then he began to scrape away the dead leaves and everything that could burn. The girl, seeing his object, joined her efforts to his. The fire came on, crackling and roaring, and when it reached them it found them in the open space covered by what loose earth they had been able to scrape together. The posse followed closely in the wake of the flames. Passing some fifty yards from the couple covered with dirt and ashes, they saw nothing more than a couple of earth heaps. The prisoner and the girl lay still till they could no longer hear sounds from the hunting party, then arose and threw off the dirt and ashes.

They stayed that day in the burned wood and when the night came on, guided by the north star, walked till morning, when they again rested in a wood. In this way, traveling nights and sleeping days, they could find, they put miles between them and the jail. Finally they brought up at a large ranch, and the young man led the way to the house as though familiar with the premises. A man came riding toward them on horseback. When he saw them, he reined in his horse.

"Father," said the young man, "I've come home. I don't want any more independence. But for this girl I would have swung at the end of a rope, falsely accused by an enemy of horse stealing."

The father put out his hand to the returned prodigal.

Five years later after the jailer's daughter had returned from an eastern college she married the man she had saved from a felon's death.

ARNOLD ABERNETHY.

Terrible Persia.

In certain parts of Persia the thermometer stays at 100 degrees night and day for the greater part of the summer, while so unbearable a temperature as 130 degrees is not unknown in that country.

## 5 SKATERS DIE IN ICY WATERS

### Boy Hero in Needham, Mass., Rescues

### HIS LITTLE SWEETHEART

From Death—Double Drowning at Webster, Mass.—Saturday's Fatalities on the Treacherous Ice.

Needham, Mass., Jan. 20.—Breaking through the ice while skating hand-in-hand with Ruth Foster, a girl chum of the same age, Gustaf Youngblin, 13, of Kimball street, was drowned in the Needham reservoir beneath the gaze of half a hundred of his companions Saturday afternoon.

The little Foster girl, humped and semi-conscious, was rescued after being in minutes in the water, through the heroism of her sweetheart, Philip J. Fanning, a 13-year-old lad, who has rescued three companions from a similar fate in the past six weeks.

Young Fanning, although years younger than many present, took command of the entire situation. Together with Chester Heath, captain of the Needham high school team, who made a sensational effort to save Youngblin, Fanning narrowly escaped death.

Both were dragged from the water-be-numbed and exhausted. Fanning, the smaller lad, with the little Foster girl tight in his arms, and Heath, the larger, who had been forced to drop the drowned boy to save himself. The incident occurred at about 2:45.

All of the principals in the affair, together with over two score of others, mostly grammar school children, were enjoying the afternoon skating on the reservoir ice.

### Hundred Saw Him Drowned.

Newton, Mass., Jan. 20.—Struggling in the deep waters of Crystal Lake, Newton Center, while a hundred men, women and children were on the ice, the body of the boy was seen by a large number of the spectators. He was seen by a large number of the spectators. He was seen by a large number of the spectators.

### Took Ice Dive For Body.

Rochester, N. H., Jan. 20.—Eugene Tremaine, aged 13 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Tremaine, was drowned while skating alone on the Cocheco river here Saturday. He broke through the ice into water about eight feet deep and the swift current carried the body down stream.

Hermin Clark, aged 30, discovered the body. He broke a hole in the ice and raised it to the surface, but became so chilled he had to release his hold when he was pulled out by others.

He insisted in seeking the body, however, and again saw it through the ice several yards further down the river. Breaking the ice above he caught the boy's clothing with a hockey stick and recovered it.

### Double Drowning.

Webster, Jan. 20.—Webster pond was searched unsuccessfully yesterday for the bodies of Peter Caplette, aged 22, and Miss Annie Marrier, 19 years old, who have been missing since Friday night, and who are believed to have been drowned while skating.

### COUPLE DIE FROM BURNS.

### Lamp Accident Fatal to Mr. and Mrs. Morrison.

Campton, N. H., Jan. 20.—Mr. and Mrs. George Morrison, who were frightened by the overturning of a lamp in their home early yesterday, died last night at the home of a neighbor, George O. Brown, across the street, where they were taken after the accident. Mrs. Morrison was the first to succumb to her injuries, dying at 4 o'clock, her husband ending his sufferings two hours later.

Mrs. Morrison was coming down stairs with a lighted lamp, when the lamp either dropped or exploded. Her clothing caught fire and she screamed for her husband, who rushed to her assistance. His clothing also caught fire and both were fearfully burned.

### REVIVED WITHIN AN HOUR OF BURIAL.

### Pastor Taking Last Look at His Friend Detects a Muscle Twitching.

St. Joseph, Mo., Jan. 20.—William Young of Savannah, barely escaped being buried alive, regaining consciousness only an hour before the time set for the funeral.

Young had been ill a long time, and a few days ago he apparently died. A physician was at his bedside, and he said the man was dead. The body was prepared for burial by an undertaker and placed in a casket.

Friends of the dead man went to the house to express their sympathy to the family, among the visitors being Rev. J. E. McLaughlin, pastor of the church to which the Youngs belong.

The mourners had assembled for the burial, and the time was only an hour distant when Rev. McLaughlin went into the room where the body lay to take a last look at his lifelong friend. While passing the face he thought he detected the twitching of a muscle. He looked again, and for the second time was sure he could see a slight movement.

The body of Young had been lying in the casket twenty-four hours and was cold. The minister feared that he had been mistaken, and not desiring to cause excitement among the people assembled for the funeral, went quietly out and summoned a physician, who soon found that Young was still alive. Then the preacher went out and announced that the funeral would be postponed. At that time Young was sitting up in his casket and was free to come at the family's request.

Young was removed from the coffin and placed on a bed, and it is believed that he will fully recover.

Energy for breakfast to start the day.  
Sustenance for lunch to carry you through.  
Rest and renewed strength at close of day.  
The food ideal for every meal.

## Uneeda Biscuit

More nutritious than any other wheat food.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

## JINGLES AND JESTS

### An Ambiguity.

Clergyman—You can, however, comfort yourself with the thought that you made your husband happy while he lived.

Widow—Yes, indeed! Dear Jack was in heaven until he died—Judge.

### Lucky.

It's lucky that my Uncle Jim can't always have his way. Although he's 'bout the smartest man we've seen in many a day.

He always has an answer pat, no matter what you ask.

His industry and courage wouldn't flume from any task.

He talks about the tariff an' 'bout local option, too.

Knows who should be elected an' jes' what we ought to do.

He thinks so fast that, as a rule, folks can't keep up with him.

I reckon that's why office holdin' ain't fur Uncle Jim.

He'd soon have peace-a-reignin' over all this mighty earth.

He'd let no man alive get more than what his work was worth.

He'd settle every argument beyond all room for doubt.

An' leave us absolutely nothin' to dispute about.

That's what I'm most afraid of; if he got the upper hand.

There wouldn't be a thing but peace and quiet in the land.

A little weather news is all the paper'd have to say.

It's lucky that my Uncle Jim can't always have his way.

—Washington Star.

### He Was Political.

"Your father is in politics," said the stranger, "is he not?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "but mom thinks he's getting cured of it."

"How do you mean?"

"Way, his stummick has gone back on him an' he can't drink like he used to."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Woe to The Snooker.

I seen him when he done it— I ain't told no one why; But—well, 'twas her begun it To kinder he and I.

I'd always took to Sady—I liked the ways of she; For her was born a lady, Which were not you nor me.

And when we saw her getting To no more be the same, Up all began regretting That her had ever came.

But him—'twas him as did it; I'll learn him what we meant— He hadn't ought to did it, Nor had she ought to went.

But her and me will floor him—I ain't begun in run; Who'd went there long before him And witnessed all he done.

I ain't content with scornin'—I'll tell him to his rag, Because he snook that morning And leaved her hold the bag.

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A Little Cold.

He caught a little cold, that was all; So the neighbors sadly said When they learned that he was dead, Congregating round his bed— He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all; When and how he couldn't say, Thought it soon would go away, But the cold was there to stay— He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all; He sneezed and coughed and mumbled, In turn he swore and grumbled, But his pride at last was humbled— He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all; The cold grew quite surprising, His temperature kept rising, And the doctor came advising— He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all; And he lay quiet, neatly dressed In his very Sunday best, In a long unbroken rest— He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all; They were buried.

An old adage, well known for his powers of exaggeration, was at supper one night describing a voyage.

"While cruising in the Pacific," said

### Lines to Louisa.

(The same being our forty-seventh maid who has gone to smash elsewhere.)  
A week ago we had a maid,  
Whose memory will never fade;  
You should have seen Louisa!  
She piled the plates on which we dined  
So very high they called to mind  
The leaning tower of Pisa.

At other times they did not lean,  
When carried by our kitchen queen  
(Whose other name was Dennis),  
But rose as straight as spire or tree,  
And then her model seemed to be  
The Campanile, Venice.

The leaning tower was first to go,  
And when it hit the floor below  
The havoc was appalling!  
At once another crash occurred,  
And then, alas! we knew we heard  
The Campanile falling!

I see its shattered remnants yet,  
'Twas half our wedding dinner set—  
The other half was Pisa.  
My chateleine her protest filed:  
"Pray leave," she cried, "ere I go wild!"  
For Pella on Ossa piled.

Would be your next, Louisa!  
—Harper's Weekly.

Substitute Laundresses.  
"Will you please tell your mother that the washing is not satisfactory," said a lady who had her laundering done by elbow work alone.

"Muvver's away," was the reply of the lad.

"Well, who does the washing when your mother's away?"

"Faver and amover gentleman!"—Tit Bits.

Bugle Calls.  
All the calls in the regular army are sounded by bugle instead of by drum, the latter instrument being used only in concerted music. This is because a drum may easily have its head broken and it is difficult to mend in the field, and it is useless when wet. A bugle gives a far clearer sound, and its calls can be heard at a longer distance.

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